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Junior Recital: Joseph Michalczyk-Lupa, tenor

Joseph Michalczyk-Lupa

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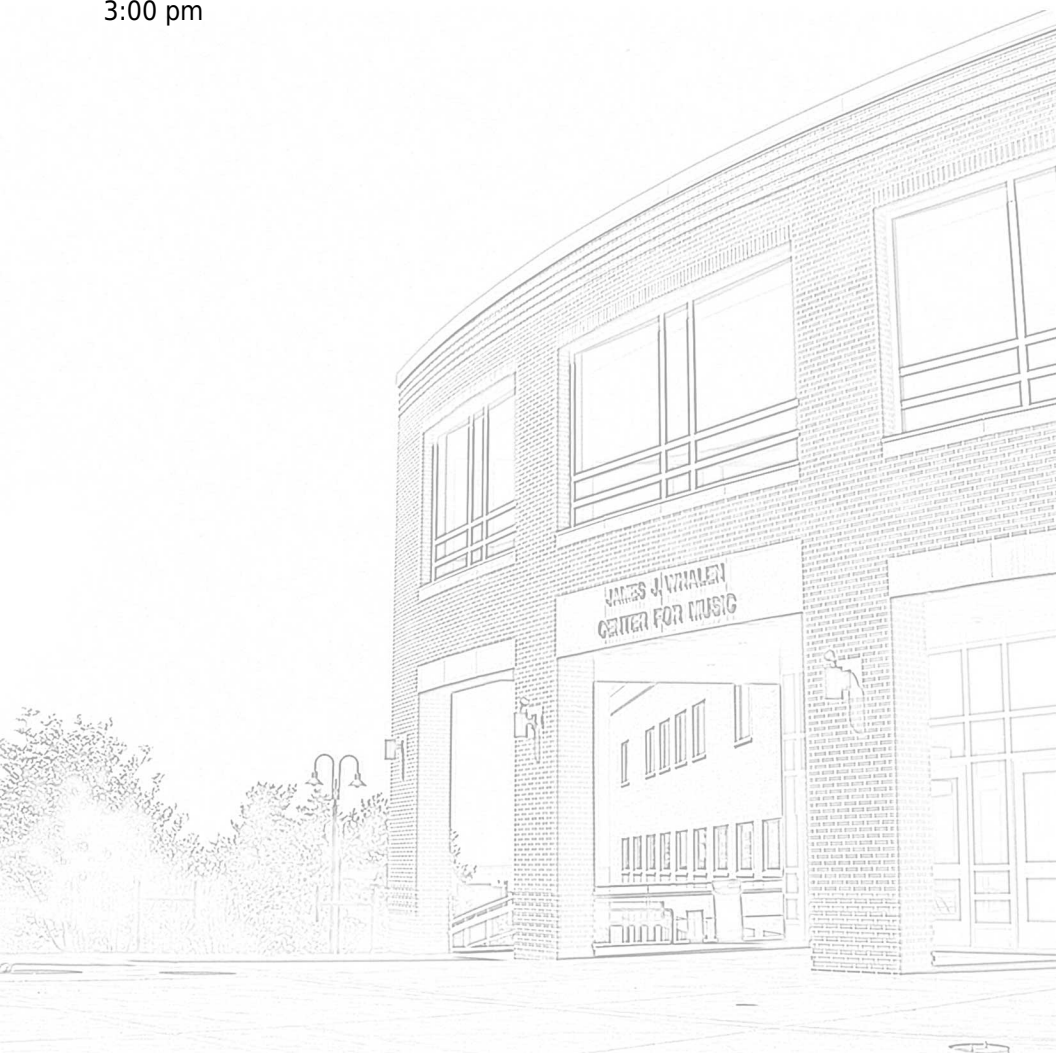
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Junior Recital:
Joseph Michalczyk-Lupa, tenor

JiYue Ma, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, September 10th, 2016
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Lay Your Doubts and Fears Aside"
From *Semele*

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai
Hor' ich das Liedchen Klingen
Aus Alten Märchen

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Come to My Arms
From *Semele*

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Phydilé
Extase

Henri Duparc
(1884-1933)

Pause

I Must With Speed Amuse Her
From *Semele*

G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Il Fervido Desiderio
Dolente Immagine di Fille Mia
Vaga luna, che Inargenti
Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

King David

Herbert Howells
(1892-1983)

Translations

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Knospen sprangen,
da ist in meinem Herzen
die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wonderfully fair month of
May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart
love arose.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Vögel sangen,
da hab' ich ihr gestanden
mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully fair month of
May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my yearning and longing.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
das einst die Liebste sang,
so will mir die Brust zerspringen
von wildem Schmerzdrang.

I hear the little song sounding
that my beloved once sang,
and my heart wants to shatter
from savage pain's pressure.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
dort lös't sich auf in Tränen
mein übergroßes Weh'.

I am driven by a dark longing
up to the wooded heights,
there is dissolved in tears
my supremely great pain.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
hervor mit weißer Hand,
da singt es und da klingt es
von einem Zauberland';

From old fairy-tales it beckons
to me with a white hand,
there it sings and there it resounds
of a magic land,

wo bunte Blumen blühen
im gold'nen Abendlicht,
und lieblich duftend glühen
mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

where colorful flowers bloom
in the golden twilight,
and sweetly, fragrantly glow
with a bride-like face.

Und grüne Bäume singen
uralte Melodei'n,
die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
und Vögel schmettern drein;

And green trees sing
primeval melodies,
the breezes secretly sound
and birds warble in them.

Und Nebelbilder steigen
wohl aus der Erd' hervor,

And misty images rise
indeed forth from the earth,

und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
an jedem Blatt und Reis,
und rote Lichter rennen
im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
aus wildem Marmorstein,
und seltsam in den Bächen
strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach! könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
und aller Qual entnommen,
und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
das seh' ich oft im Traum,
doch kommt die Morgensonne,
zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

and dance airy reels
in fantastic chorus.

And blue sparks burn
on every leaf and twig,
and red lights run
in crazy, hazy rings.

And loud springs burst
out of wild marble stone,
and oddly in the brooks
shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
and there gladden my heart,
and have all anguish taken away,
and be free and blessed!

Oh, that land of bliss,
I see it often in dreams,
but come the morning sun,
and it melts away like mere froth.

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant
par mille issues, Se perdent
sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!
Midi sur les feuillages Rayonne

et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en
plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour
des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la
colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

The grass is soft for slumber
beneath the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which in the meadows flowering
with a thousand plants, lose
themselves under dark thickets.

Rest, o Phidylé!
The midday sun shines on the
foliage
and invites you to sleep!
Among clover and thyme, alone, in
full sunlight,
hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about
the turning paths,
the red cornflower tilts,
and the birds, skimming the hill
with their wings,
search for shade among the wild
roses.

Repose! ô Phidylé!
Mais quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa
courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton
meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Rest! o Phidylé!
But when the sun, turning in its
resplendent orbit,
finds its heat abating,
let your loveliest smile and your
most ardent kiss
recompense me for waiting!

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort,
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort,
Mort exquise, Mort parfumée,

Du souffle de la bien-aimée,

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort,
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.

On a pale lily my heart sleeps,
A sleep as gentle as death,
exquisite death, death made
fragrant,

By the breath of my beloved,

On your pale breast my heart
sleeps,
a sleep as gentle as death.

Il Fervido Desiderio

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so
desires?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own
soul?

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedi
accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
why do you sit so desolate beside
me?
What more do you wish for?
Streams of tears
have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred
vows,
I could turn to another?
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;
the old flame cannot be
extinguished.

Vaga luna

Vaga luna, che inargentì
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver
light
On these shores and on these
flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and
sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udirò alfine;
pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you;
One who despises your pleasures,
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and
hills;
They heard me at last;
I will live satisfied,
Even though, with my desires, I
never
Go beyond that fountain and that
mountain.